

HOW THE LITTLE PRINCE SOLVED THE NUMBERS' GAMES

the magician thought to amuse and befuddle
the young prince. "your majesty," he said,
"let's say i have 30 gold pieces
and you ask for five.
i take five from the 30
but i save two back
and give you three.
3 from 30 is 27 plus 2 is 29.
what happened to the extra coin?"

"what a jerk-off,"
the prince muttered into his handkerchief.

"here's another," continued the magician:
"look at the fingers on my right hand:
10, 9, 8, 7, 6.
now look at the fingers on my left hand:
1, 2, 3, 4, 5.
6 plus 5 equals 11.
i have 11 fingers!"

the diminutive prince drew
his little sword
from its tiny sheath
and severed the magician's left hand
at the wrist.
"now you have six,"
he yawned.

CHOP-CHOP

i've never felt that poetry readings
have much to do with poetry,

so i had no qualms about adding
a tapdancing poem and a rock-and-roll poem
to my readings.

but i know enough of human nature
so that i was not surprised
when a woman who had never published
or read publically a single poem
was the first to demand of me the inevitable,

"aren't real writers above that sort of thing?"